

Len

"Rosemary"

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Little Mary was five years old
Her parents left her, she was out in the cold
Alone to live and find her way
In this great world of heartache and pain

Eyes of brown, matted locks of gold
Her flowered dress is tattered and soiled
Tear stained cheeks, her feet cold and bare
Who could have left a child so rare

Rosemary your day will come
He loved you so He gave His only son
Keep the faith in your soul
Stay down on your knees
I'm beggin you please
Hold onto the beads at your heart

A burning heart and tired eyes
Howling winds for lullabys
No one there to soothe her fright
Nowhere to turn but the inward light
Because life is for believing
That your heart can turn to gold
All you need is Christ to receive it
There's eternal life for every soul

Rosemary your day will come
He loved you so He gave His only son
Keep the faith in your soul
Stay down on your knees
I'm begging you please
Hold onto the beads at your heart

He loves you He needs you He wants you
So don't let Him down

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